THE MONONGALIA MIRROR

\$150 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE; \$2 00 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVE EXPIRED. 52 00 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVEEXPIRED.

D. No. paper will be discontinued until all The following Mrs. Moore's regarages are paid up, except at the option of "Life in the Cle."

To know that my name was fergotten, As though I had never been there.

d the banks where my paper is due, osts whom I cannot now mention, banished me quite from their view.

the market for money is 'tight,' ectors with haste are pursuing debtors, by day and by night?

e friends who once loaned me a 'fifty.' I the others that loaned me a 'ten,' Have a sigh of regret as they miss me, And wish they could see me again?

Do they miss me again ?-do they miss me, When no longer I'm seen upon 'Change, And do those who were wont to assist me, Say 'His conduct's infernally strange ?

Does the Shylock who loaned me his money To bear me to regions unknown, Look in vain for occasion to dun me. And wish I again were at home?

Do they miss me at home ?-do they miss me. 'Twould be an assurance most dear, To know that my name was forgotten, As though I had nover been there.

But I know that my memory lingers Around the dear place as I roun, And while I've my wits and my creepers, They'll miss me-they'll miss me at home !

> From Household Words. ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sauds are flowing One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going,

Let the whole strength go to each, Let not future dreams clate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven), Joys are sent thee here below : Take them readily when given, Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an armed band: One will fade as others great thee, Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each m God will help thee for to-morrow; Every day begin again.

Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting, Or for passion hours despond; Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token. Reaching Heaven; but one by one, Take them lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.

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A Traveller who spent some time in Turkey relates the following parable, which seems even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel;

"Every man," says the devise, has two angels, one on his right shoulder ertion must and another on his left. When he money that does any thing good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it because it is done forever. When young family he has done evil, the angel on his left she could loo he has done evil, the angel on his left she could loo shoulder writes it down. He waits till situation in w midnight. If before that time the man ing for herse bows down his head and exclaims,— sunk in confor Gracious Allah! I have sinned, for upheld by prid give me, the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the an-

GOING DIOURNING.

The ancients we consisted in their mourninghe civilization people of the press. They support the ground and with resulting the second and as the second as the second and as the second as the second and as the second as the self tortured mournes own sins and those of the de this grid were not of a deep og nature the mourner found reas mental agonies in humiliat persona suffering. He did no himself in silk, and wool, and fin and gar ments cut in the most of fashion of the day, like our meaux and belles, when they teache pub-lic their grief for the lilation or friend, in the most ex and be-

coming manner.

living from starving.— of the have kept t exceeds the vanity of The b ly on ear

hany persons who put off have rem when they put on their or scarlet There

striking than the following personal rate and they. Their grief is also that they are forced to be that they are forced to in the to ther nature, which teaches them that the storms of to day will not dark that the storms of to day will not dark that the storms of to day will not dark them hypocrites; and, as the world always judges by appearances, it so happeas that by adhering to one of its conventional rules, appearances in this instance are against them.

Nay, the very persons who, in the first genuine outburst of natural grief, beaught them to moderate their sorrow to day their towas and be conferred for it being made in anticipa-Another evil, arising out of the ab-

arst genuine outpurst of natural greet, fulleral, but this is the most time. Another evil, arising out of the ab to dry their tears, and be comforted for tion. ss they had sustained, are among the first to censure them for following the advice so common and useless. Tears are as necessary to the afflicted is showers are to the parched earth, & are the best and sweetest remedy for

manageable material. A ome figure would be lost, buriet lated, in a sackcloth gown; it woo horribly rough; it would wo delicate skin of a fine lady; it

To the mourner we would say—weep a; nature requires your tears. They are sent in mercy by Him who wept at resent in the resent in the resent in the resent i the grave of his friend Lazarus. The while she, poor body, has been consignant of sorrows himself taught us to ed to the grave for more than three least forcible.

Verily, if we must we sorrow nan of sorrows himself taught us to upon our sleeve, why me to the sackcloth and ashes, as st consistent demonstration to grief which, hidden in the helpasseth show.

But, then, sackcloth st unmanageable material.

We must we sorrow nan of sorrows himself taught us to ed to the grave for more than three vance again ment we have to advance again ment we have to adva

side to black that was 60,

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and fringed with silver, was borne from the house and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and end of the same urder a black of the stately hearse and end of the same urder a black of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the being able to go frothe fact and fringed with silver, was borne from the house and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hirden of the stately hearse and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse.

There damy persons who put our chief graining and the same under a shorter period in an air month.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For 1 square, 3 weeks,

- 0.25

For one square, 3 months,

O. 6 months,

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

By A TRAVELLER.

Do they miss me at home?—do they miss me?

Troud be an assurance most dear,

To know that my name were forgotten,

The vicinity of the dead of the same and the same under a smooth of the dead, possible to her their grif when they put on their mourning it is a miserable satire on mank to see these sombre clad the same weeks, the had seen a love-thing a painful contrast to mank affecting a painful co his attend this bride of death to her

A FARMER'S WIFE I'LL BE.

I'm a wild and laughing girl, Just turned of sweet sixteen. And full of mischief and of fun As ever you have seen-And when I am a woman grown No city beaux for me-If e'er I marry in my life, A Farmer's wife I'll be.

I really love a country life, I love a joyous breeze, I love to hear the singing birds Among the leafy trees; The lowing herds and bleating flocks Make music sweet for me If e'er I marry in my life, A farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to feed the chickens, And I love to milk the cow. I love to hear the farmer's boy Go whistling at his plow; And fields of corn and waving grain Are pleasant sights for methe'er I marry in my life, CFarmer's wife I'll be.

t love a see the orchards where The goden apples grow. The gargling streamlets flow; And flowery banks and sylvan shades Have many exarms for me—
If e'er I marry in my life,
A farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls who love it best, Enjoy the smoky town.
'Mid dusty walls and du ty streets To ramble up and down; But flowery fields and shady woods, And sunny skies for me-If c'er I marry in my life, A farmer's wife I'll be.

A Blind Girl feeling for a Sunbeam.

The sun had just burst out through

fields and meadows, and still waters, and coquetted with the lock of the blind boy, but its footsteps were unseen by

1854.

1854.

orks.

CO.

Mor

We voluntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world. He has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children, who must grope their way to the groups. their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them. Bong shall we remember the two blind children .- Baltimore Dis-

The Green-Eyed Monster.

One of the sub-editors of the Evans-ville Journal gives the following rich scene, as having occurred at Cairo:

A German deck passenger had been harboring the "Green-eyed monster" during the entire trip from New Orleans on account of some little attention his wife received and seemed to court from he a dashing, starching up "Snyder," who ur unluckilly for the husband; was also a o deck passenger.

Shortly after the boat's arrival here, he was driven to utter despiration at seeing his wife receive and lovingly ra-turn the hateful Sayder's kias. Calling her forward, he placed himself apon the chalk of the boat.

"Ah, Kathleen, you likes der tailor so better as me all der while, so mine Cot! I drowns myselfter night."

Overboard he plunged! The wife became frantic, and attempted to follow him, but was stayed by the passengers. She fell upon her knees and agonizingly currented her 'Shorge' to come back, but no George appeared; she promised unwavering constancy—increasing affec-tion—the spirit of devotion and submis-sion, he seemed so auxious she should manifest, but nothing save the ruffled waters gave response. She then shrieked for him again, when up from the

water shivering came an answer.
"I'm now so dead as ter very tyfel, if

## THIS IS THE BEST COPY

AVAILABLE

gel upon the right shoulder weeps."

The Cranberry Copper mine, in Carroll county, has been very productive.

In the last two months the yield has been 600 boxes of copper, valued at \$25 per box. The are heretofore obtaining the state of copper.

The arc heretofore obtaining the anxious weeping mother, "When it is all over, and the mourning bought, there will not been 500 boxes of copper, valued at \$25 per box. The arc heretofore obtaining the state of copper, and that is expended upon the dead, shocking, but it was not the laying at the first was buried early with white, like so many figures that was real, not imaginary.

Greating to state the frost king had stiffened into stone. The heave, with its snowy plumes, or their jurney. They attended the drawn by six milk white horses, night have served for the regal car of his make the grave, but after the further was sampled to the frost king had stiffened into stone. The heave, with its snowy plumes, and the mourning bought, there will not remain a single copper to find us in bread." The sorrow of obtaining this early was over they put off their black arments and started for the show, & arments and the coffin, covered with black black black black black and that is expended upon the dead, shocking, but it was not the laying at the sticks the wheels hang on, sure, and a pall lined with white silk the sticks the wheels hang on, sure, and a pall lined with white silk the sticks the wheels hang on, sure, and that is expended upon the dead, shocking, but it was not the laying at the frost king had stiffened into stone.

The hard was cerved for the regal car of his makes every with its snowy plumes, the frost king had stiffened into stone.

The the first king had stiffened into stone.

The the frost king had stiffened into stone.

The the first king had stiffened into stone.

The the first king

, he was buried earit the one appointed the frost king had stiffened into stone.

sts. A memorial to the British Department to have horromenathy etently tried at the seat of war, igned by more than sixty peers night to her. Its silver bursting cast, or its golden fading in the followed as duy followed day; but burst not upon her vision nor faded a the decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest and field, and lake an river; but not in the blue orb of the sightless gitl.

By a singular coincidence, the bo

s of peers. There is said to be in Michigan, and the action rd of Regents in hesitating to when directed to do so by

Why be has to red has gethrom-

Dried Apples, AZIERA FLEMING